

POETRY.

From the London Punch.

Richard O'Gorman.

MRS. E. S. S.

There's a bugle along by me,

Afters have far and wide,

Darts and aads of fated living,

Fierce and fast, on every side,

Over Germany they press,

Over Italy they glow,

Our girl England's led to her last

Per the hand of the dead.

What is it, this black terror?

But the sword of war,

By some pernicious curse,

Drawn near, from seeming far,

So, a deeper dark'ning,

Than e'er war's cloud o'er spread;

And the voice for which we heard him,

Thrills with more than battle's roar.

There's a bugle as of lightning,

Held in the war cloud's breast,

There strikes an awful brightness,

From an aim'd nation's eyes,

There is music in gur's voices,

Stern music though it be—

Which drawed from light's robes,

Night's mantle to set her free.

But in this cloud no lifting,

Till the lowly pall we trace;

First breaketh through no gloom,

On this veil Europe's face,

No evadeth blentheth,

With this low mountain's might,

Freedom as she bendeth.

But to her we grant,

Tis Nemesis—dark angel,

That followeth all good;

And writes her stern exegel

In the fate of errours and evils.

Tis Nemesis, that maddeneth,

This hardy crew and deep,

From the wings that chearlength,

With long and huncing sweep.

Tis Nemesis that sparketh,

In the thunder of the clouds,

The tempest that wrencheth,

Kings' thrones on gentlest crevices,

Tis Nemesis, prepared,

Fleeth from evil soul,

The Nemesis, that sparing

Holds at ill days.

An English knight, offices,

In the view of glad'ight,

Has no will-wishing voices,

Where none are in the right,

Nor canst thou unswung springing,

From the shield that shall be shed,

Only Nemesis, slow swaying,

Cerberus the true, strown with dead.

A fit for the New York World!

DEDICATION.

The word is breathed, the bright'st gleam

No glo'ry, gall, nor gallantry;

Read we the camp-life by the stream,

No pickets guard our allies;

But peace of labor's patient hand;

No fruitful furrows tracing;

Has crowned with harvests it the land;

War's ghastly stains effacing.

Thank God for peace! and may He bless

The life it is renewing,

And let us give our heart's posse,

His power in kindness showing—

In Christ-like charity toward all,

When, with paternal feeling,

We count upon and brothers call,

To 'dieu' times appealing.

On many a field with carnage red,

We've met and battle's blunder,

And side by side, there lie our dead,

In peace, the green and under,

While suns as bright the sky of morn

Above their grave undreaming,

On Southern as on Northern bourn

As sweet the sun's descending.

To err is human, and to err,

Have sins to be forgiven;

All hard words let us recall,

Unite those whom we fit,

For peace, it is to peace it be,

Invites conciliation;

This our end and we shall see

A reunited nation.

Give me thy hand, O' Judah have!

Forgiving and forgiven!

Ding no Id lies trust in their grave,

One country ours—our Heaven!

In worth of peace let us compete,

Wholate in our Country,

With friends' greetings when we meet,

Our strife forever ended!

TENNESSEE TOPGRAPHY.

The following appeal, issued by the Georgia Republican Committee, is extensively circulated in Georgia, as is known.

"ARISE, BRETHREN! PEGASUS WITH HIS HORSES! DAWN WITH THE TRUMPET WILLIAM!"

In remembrance, "Russia Government, of which treatise against the peace and welfare of the people, and save."

That which a'le youth, born along by patriotic enthusiasm, endeavoured to do for you, you, the hundred thousands, you, the millions of men, would not be able to accomplish. You could not get the mastery over a few political plotters. You will allow your slaves to be led to the flames while you have weapons in your hands? Must your family be deprived of your home? Be besieged and bombarded, your wife and children given up to despair before you muster courage to put in motion of resistance against the bowed criminal and his audacious accomplices? If you, workingmen, you citizens, you handless men were to appear on mass before the castle, would not the peace be secured in a moment by the exertion of Biarmik, by the enforced abdication of the king? Out, ye men, ye women, ye boys, out, with or without weapons, come into the streets, and force this overbearing tyrant who has taken the laws from the people of the land, who now will make you beggars, cripples and 'stall men', force him down into the dust before you! Down with Biarmik! Down with the last William!"

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NO. I.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One column one year	100 00
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Quarter column one year	35 00
SPECIAL NOTICES, per line	10
BUSINESS CARDS of not more than six lines	5 00
for one year	50 00
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The Republic is in danger; The historic dangers of republics! The Government has fallen from the hands of the many into the hands of the few. From the many who are apathetic to the few are energetic and bold. The love of the Republic, the respect for the Constitution of our fathers, is fading out of men's hearts, and when that dies the Republic is lost indeed. For paper constitutions, declarations of independence, laws are but paper—worthless, lifeless, mere delusions, shackles and snare, when they cease to express the instincts and longings of a free people. The concentration of power will go on till the weary and sick of the world of all bad governments, an irresponsible oligarchy, will go up a step further and fly from the petty tyrants to the throne? Do you ever think, critics, wherein the greatness of your Republic—this great Republic of Republics—really lies? Is it wealth, trade, manufacture? Not so. There are nations in the old world richer, with larger commerce than ours. In its broad lands—its almost infinite domain? No; Russia has millions of fertile acres to which no emigrant turns his steps; thousands, day after day, arrive on our shores. Is it in our schools, churches, places of worship? These things there are other countries by which we are equalled or excelled. Will where and where alone, its greatness lies—the secret of its vitality, strength, hope and endurance? It is in its freedom. In this, that the men of this great nation are Americans, our brothers—defeated, but not yet humiliated, too proud to be afraid. Ask our soldiers—the men who stood face to face with them in many a hot and bloody fight—why met them under flag of truce, who met them on the lonely picket, where kindred, ignoring the articles of war, made them for a while companions and friends. Ask the Generals who commanded our victorious hosts—ask them if they would not trust the word of those whom they had seen so gallantly defending their rights with their lives. Ask Grant if he does not trust Lee. Take the tots of the whole army and navy. This men who fought, not the men who talked, ask them if they trust the loyalty of the men they fought, vanquished and forgive, and mighty for it from end to end of that glorious column of heroes will ring out "Aye, aye!" Would to God it had been left to them—to the men who fought the quarrel out—to settle it, and I believe the Union, would be whole to-day. But the Union must be. It can not be prevented. It can not be retarded. There is Union in the hearts of the people—North, South, East and West. They long for recompilation. They desire the society of one another—trade and commerce with one another. It can not be that they will much longer submit to the tricks, stratagems and maneuvers of faction that to enrich itself—gain power—would keep open, irritate and inflame the wounds of civil war, that only need time and peace to heal and be forgotten. For, remember, time is running by—opportunity is missed in return. Still the people of the South trust the people of the North and West. They still hope in their generosity—still hope in their just second thoughts—their calm common sense. Let not reconciliation—true, real reconciliation—be delayed until that confidence is gone and replaced by the gatherers of disappointment and despair. I too trust in the people. They are often abased and misled, lied to by factious men and for factious ends. But is by playing on their noble instincts and generous impulses, they are betrayed?

Missed by Fancy's jealous eye,

By passion driven,

But still the light that led astray,

Was light from Heaven,

Tell them but the truth—lay bare the do-

—show them that they are made the instru-

ments of wrong, and they will

as quickly to recant the treachery as to undo,

the mischief it has caused. Citizens of New

York, I don't speak now to Democrats alone,

or to Republicans, many of the issues which

divide us are settled, and need not divide us

more. I speak to you now on a subject where

we all must agree. Citizens of New York

you are generous and charitable. Never men

had more than you "for pity and a hand

as open as day to melting charity." You are

eager to relieve want and alleviate human

mystery, all over the earth. Do you know—

do you realize the fact that men and women,

Americans, of the same language, faith color

as yourselves, your fellow-citizens in South

Carolina, one of your sister States, are starv-

ing, dying for want of food? Will you not

help them, too? Can they ask for justice?

They don't ask money. All they ask for is justice—

justice tempered with mercy. Give them that

they need no other help. Confidence will be re-

stored. Capital will flow thicker. The wreck

and ruin of the war will be repaired, and they

will soon add to the wealth of the Republic

instead of shaming it with their misery. It can never be well with New York while it is ill with South Carolina or Tennessee. This alone is Union—Union, not in form and name alone, but in substance and reality, that no wrong can be inflicted on any State, or city, or man, from Maine to Florida, without all the States, all the cities, all men, feeling, the hurt and desiring to apply a remedy. This is real Union—all for each and ease for all. Citizens, don't look at this from the low level of faction. "Sursum corda!" Ascend the higher eminence from which the wider and grander prospect may be obtained. There is danger for New York when the rights of Tennessee are invaded. For by the same way by which Tennessee is excluded from representation—by the same wrong your own State may suffer if the exigencies of faction required that crime. During the civil war that is past many things were submitted to for which the alleged necessities of war were the only excuse. We saw the Constitution violated, and the civil law set aside. We bore it for the sake of the Union which we thought by such a sacrifice could be preserved. But now the war is over. The violations of the Constitution and the law continue, and the Radical party of Logan and Oglesby—Salem (Ill.) Advocate.

WHY WAS IT?—We noticed last evening, that while Gen. Logan and Governor Oglesby were taken to the private residence of a leading citizen to supper, General Sherman was left at the crowded hotel for his, and that while the former gentlemen were taken to the train in the great conveyance of friends, the giant military chieftain was taken in the omnibus, unattended, with the exception of Col. Hicks. We are at a loss to comprehend such treatment toward Gen. Sherman, unless it was because he looked with no favor on the day's congressional programme, and was not pleased with the Radical talk of Logan and Oglesby.—Salem (Ill.) Advocate.